

# Eye on Editorials

## Belligerent Spectator

By Caitlin Olszewski - *Lion's Eye Entertainment Editor*  
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So I'm sitting here staring at empty text trying to figure out what has got me belligerent this week. However, my brain gears are rusted and foggy with the various snow days and two-hour delays I have been "blessed" with. I say blessed in quotations because my workload seemed to have doubled over these days seeing as my professors and bosses alike thought I would be bored out of my skull snowed in without any work to do. Wrong. I hate how mostly everyone in my generation (myself included) is completely lazy and spends everyday scheming procrastinations.

What makes the youth of America so apathetic? Is it the high fructose corn syrup? The breeding of unintelligence? The technology that is so much more enjoyable than the 50's alternative of going to a diner for a milkshake to show off Bobby Jean's pin? I've been noticing that people are more in tune with their iPhones, Xboxes, and various toxic wastes than they are with each other or even themselves.

All of the girls that I work with spend their entire shift texting or taking Myspace photos of themselves. It is completely frustrating when there is a gigantic list of tasks to do and I am the one to be reprimanded in the event that they are not accomplished. I hate trying to talk to someone that is clearly not paying attention and texting or playing their handheld. During class I can see countless

phones getting more attention than the professor for the majority of the lecture. I do not understand why people would waste their (or probably their parents) money on something they frankly don't give a crap about.

I feel as though my generation particularly is living in some virtual reality. Some people never see the light of day because they spend hours in their basement playing video games or updating their Facebook status. People don't even have face-to-face conversations anymore. Relationships are now carried out through various forms of digital communications. Text break-ups, asking people on dates, even invites- all done via text or e-mail. It's really disheartening working in a stationary store hearing people say, "Why buy a card when I can just send an e-mail?" I wish people still wrote letters and sent cards. Nothing seems concrete. History can be completely vanished with a keystroke or a click.

Get off the fiber optics, battery acid, and airwaves. Go outside! Go hiking! Take five minutes out of your life and look at the stars. Actually take the time to enjoy life's simple pleasures. Sit down with a friend for lunch instead of writing on their "wall." I feel like as a whole people might be happier if they spent more time actually living life than witnessing it through their mini-feed or a slew of pixels.

## PAIR OF PENNIES: "The Quirky J.D. Salinger"

By daniel j. taylor - *Lion's Eye Editorial Editor* - djt5036@psu.edu

I had a lot of trouble pulling my brain together this issue for a really intriguing topic. I mean, you get it, there's really nothing of interest going on in the world. There's a "green revolution" going on in Iran but it's not even environmental (lame), a home-grown "tea party" movement that deals with plain old, regular Americans (BOR-ING), a regional snowpocalypse that halted life for days (played-out), and the 2010 Olympics in Vancouver (which isn't cool enough to hold the Summer Olympics' jock). As you can understand, none of these events truly captivated me, and then—boom—I saw the elderly face of J. D. Salinger at home on the cover of the National Review, a (gasp) conservative magazine.

There's some shit for you: a life-long recluse subjected to intense, posthumous public analysis. By the time he hits college, a student surely knows that *The Catcher in the Rye* is a top-notch, dirty-mouthed classic. That student may even know, as I am now learning, that Franny & Zooey (which I am currently and coincidentally reading) is hilarious. His books, though, aren't interesting at all when compared to his ironic fame as the posterboy of reclusivity.

Here's a man who could've been a mainstream face in American popular culture, an icon even! Instead he shouted a big leave-me-the-hell-alone and disappeared into the great abyss that is New England. Why? What great personal discovery did he seek? Surely the glare of the Hollywood-type lens shines brightly, but I prefer not to think that was the cause. J. D. Salinger was an artist, a genius! I find it difficult to believe that his motivation could be so plain.

So here it is, my seven faithful readers. We join Mr. Salinger on the eve of his five-decade New Hampshire escape. Prepare to climb into the cranium of a literary legend...

It's a balmy New York City evening, around dusk. *The Catcher in the Rye* is growing in popularity and Salinger is growing in notoriety. He has just fought through a small pack of fans, and wedged himself inside his front door, as he

thinks to himself, "God damn it, my hand hurts. If I have to sign one more blasted autograph, I swear I'll never write another word! These people are like needy little hamsters! 'Feed me, please! Put me in my wheel!'"

"Oh well, at least I'm home now, where I can do a little decent reading. Hmm...what to read? Maybe *Walden*? Nah, read it a dozen times..."

"He does have the right idea, though. Knowing what goes on in my own head is tough with all this modern hoo-ha, moving faster and faster. I have a stomach pain like something awful—I probably just need to fart. But yeah, anyway, it's easy to bleed all the time in the world around all this concrete and steel. The people are all distorted by cash and convenience. Nobody really lives. Everybody sucks."

"Oh, maybe Shakespeare—a tragedy! *Romeo and Juliet*?" No no no, those families are unbearable. I can't even try to dive into a story about such mindless hatred—there's enough of that in the world outside of the pages.

"Maybe I shouldn't read at all. I'll do something new and exciting. Something deep and simple that'll let me enjoy this life. I can go into the ministry! Run for office!"

And it's at this moment in the Salingerian mind that it all becomes clear. Nothing soothes the busy mind like a strawberry ice cream cone. While eating it, he gets asked for an autograph and, oh boy, does he flip his lid—kicked an eight-year-old child right in the shin, so the story goes. He concludes that abandoning his pen, however, is a bit too excessive, so he decides to run away from home like a disgruntled pre-teen. He planned to go home for dinner, but got caught up in the wrong crowd. Eventually, he got lost in New Hampshire and was too embarrassed to ask for directions (you know how men are) and stayed put.

And that's how it happened—that's how J. D. Salinger ended up in the depths of the Northeast. But I know what you're thinking, and you're not alone. I, too, thought he'd be a chocolate ice cream kind of a guy.

## Got Opinions?

## Want to Share them?

## Have a narcissistic desire to see your name in print or just plain like to write?

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### The Lion's Eye



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